THE West-Country Maids advice.

Here is a Song I ſend to you,
fair Maidens every one ;
And you may ſay that it is true,
when I am dead and gone.

To the Tune of, **Hey Boys, up go we.**

FAir Maids draw near to me a while,
and I'le my mind declare,
This Song I hope will make you ſmile,
when once you do it hear :
For young-men are ſo tickle grown,
and falſe in every way,
Their whole delight is day and night,
fair Maids for to betray.

Thus I would have fair Maidens all,
for to be Rul'd by me,
Although your portions be but ſmall,
to them do not agree,
For if a husband once you get,
that ſhould be croſs to thee.
You'l then repent that e're you went,
to Church to Married be.

Therefore keep cloſe your Maiden-head,
which now you have in ſtore,
For if you once ſhould be miſſed,
you'l not enjoy it more :
And then ſuch troubles comes apace,
as you ne'r thought upon,
And this will be your woful caſe,
by taking of a man.

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There was a Maid which well I knew,
was lately made a Bride,
Her Father gave her goods, 'tis true,
the a Portion had beside;
Yet this poor Lass did meet an Ass,
would always scold and brawl,
The other day he ran away,
and left Wife, Child, and all.

Therefore observe young Maidens all,
take heed how you do wed,
For you may quickly take a fall,
and bring a Knave to bed:
For Young-men are so fickle grown,
as I have here express,
It's good to let them all alone,
a single life is best.

I say, by chance that you may meet,
a young-man that is true,
Then you may count your Fortune great,
because there are so few:
Not one in ten, amongst young-men,
is true I do protest,
I'le keep my self as I have been,
a single life is best.

Why should a Maid confined be,
to any man alive,
You shall have Snaps and Flouts you'l find
when once you'r made a Wife:
For husbands are so Doggish grown,
there Wives shall take no rest,
Therefore let all young-men alone,
a single life is best.

And now I have declar'd my mind,
I hope you'l not me blame,
For to a Woman I am kind,
and Toby is my name;
And I do live in Devon-Shire,
to many 'tis well knewn,
I wish all Maids that do me hear,
beware to hold their own.

And so I do conclude and end,
having no more to say,
Pray take the Author for your friend,
and for this Ballad pay:
A penny is the price of it,
you'l say it is not dear,
And say it is a Ballad true,
came out of Devon-Shire.

FINIS.

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